

ENGLAND'S
ALARUM-BELL:

OR,

Give not up GIBRALTAR.

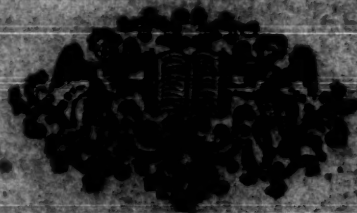
A NEW

BALLAD.

The Tune,—*Come and listen to my Ditty, &c.*

*The fatal Hour
The Winds all howl;
And now (sweet Heart) oversoon,
I must DEPART FOR THEE.*

OLD BALLAD.



LONDON:

Printed for A. PRICE, near Temple-Bar.

M.DCC.XLIX.

[Price Three Pence.]

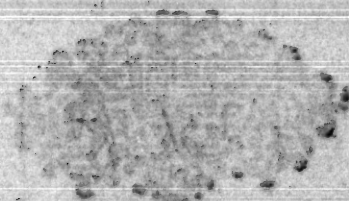
ENGLAND:
ALARM-BELL:

OR

GIVE NOT OF GIBRALTAR

BALLAD.

The Tune—Come and listen to my story, &c.



LONDON:

Printed for A. J. Rice, 10, St. Paul's Church-Yard.
MDCCLXII.
[Price Three Pence.]



ENGLAND'S ALARUM-BELL, &c.

I.



ALE Her Looks, and clad in Mourning,
 Smiting sore Her aching Breast,
 From Skies, *Albion's* GENIUS frowning,
 Thus Her injur'd Sons address'd :

How will *Britons* sink in Story !

Dup'd alike in Peace and War !

Fled's our *Trade*, eclips'd our *Glory*,

Shou'd We give up GIBRALTAR.

II. This

II.

This restor'd to a proud Nation,

Groaning under *Bourbon* Sway,

French and *Spanish* Fleets united,

Europe must their Flag obey.

These bold Fleets, in different Oceans,

By the *Streights* late sever'd far,

May, combin'd, insult AUGUSTA †,

Lost our darling GIBRALTAR.

III.

Fix'd in *Italy* the *Bourbons* †

Leghorn will our Ships exclude;

Scorn'd our various Manufactures,

Frenchmen soon will *Theirs* intrude.

Then the *Algerines*, who court Us,

Will no *English* Vessel spare;

Lost the Port, to vend Their Prizes,

Shou'd We part with GIBRALTAR.

† London.

† Don Carlos and Don Philip.

IV. Yielded

Give not up GIBRALTAR

5

IV.

IV

Yielded this important Harbour,

All our *Turky Trade*, Adieu!

Port-Mahon must change Its Masters;

Gone th' *Italian Traffick* too!

Then will *French* and *Spanish Vessels*,

Safely either *India* dare,

The *Streights-Mouth* by Us unguarded,

Fool'd away our GIBRALTAR.

V.

V

Doubly blest, in Situation,

Here a glorious *MART* would rise.

A free Port to ev'ry Nation,

Monarchs might Its Friendship prize.

Subject to the Laws of *Britain*,

A new *Tyre*, 'twould shine a Star;

But vile Governors have curs'd It;

Such wou'd give up GIBRALTAR.

B

VI. Lo!

VI.

Lo! the Tongue of foul Corruption,
 Greedy, licks up all Things round!
 Soon the PRESS may want its Freedom;
 Writing Truth be dang'rous found.
 Rouze (brave *English*!) Check these Evils!
 Fam'd CAPE-BRETON's gone!--Beware!
 Wooden Shoes you'll surely put on,
 If you give up GIBRALTAR.

VII.

See a geugaw *Pile* ascending,
 Whence Ten Thousand Stars will blaze!
 Dear-bought *Arts* Assistance lending;
 F---F-W---KS, play'd for Fools to gaze.
 High in Air, whilst flock the Millions,
Pallas whirls around her Car;
 Laughing at a People's Frenzy,
 After losing GIBRALTAR.

Give not up GIBRALTAR.

7

VIII.

This fam'd Rock (the antient *Calpe*,)

Hercules did fiercely seize:

British Sailors, when reign'd *Anna**,

Brav'd Its Cliffs with equal Ease.

Lads! Who form such matchless Conquests,

(Hear Me, ev'ry gen'rous Tar!)

Take your Clubs, beat down Their Houses,

Who wou'd give up GIBRALTAR.

IX.

See in *France* our Honour bleeding,

As our **hostages** appear!

Sure such mock *Negot--t---ns*,

Ne'er disgrac'd a crazy Year!

Shou'd our BLUND-----RS † yield that Fortrefs,

We completely ruin'd are.

Hang the *Wretch* who first proposes

To give up fam'd GIBRALTAR.

* GIBRALTAR was taken under Sir *George Rook*, in 1704.

† Some Copies have it PLUND-----RS.

Give not up GIBRALTAR.

7

VIII.

This fam'd Rock (the ancient Cape)

Hercules did fiercely seize:

British Sailors, when reign'd Hann,

Brav'd its Cliffs with equal Bane.

Lads! Who form such matchless Conquests

(Hear Me, ev'ry generous Tar!)

Take your Clubs, beat down their Houses,

Who would give up GIBRALTAR.

IX.

See in France our Honour bleeding,

As our Gallies appear!

Sure such mock Negotiations

Ne'er disgrac'd a crazy Year!

Should our Br und---rs † yield that Fortels,

We completely ruin'd are.

Hang the Wretch who such

To give up fam'd GIBRALTAR.



* GIBRALTAR was taken under Sir George Rook, in 1704.
† Some Copies have it Br und---rs.

F I N I S

